



Lachrymæ or Lachryma
or
The Spirit of Teares
Distilled
for the un-tymely Death
of
The incomparable Prince
PANARET
by Josu



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LACHRYMÆ LAGHRYMARVM,
A FVNERAL ELEGIE.

The Argument, in an EPITAPH.

Here lyes (Drie Eyes read not This Epitaph)
Heerlyes Great-Britans Stay, Great Jacob's staf:
The stately Top-bough of Imperial Stemme,
World's richest Jewell, Nature's rarest Gemme,
Mirror of Princes, Miracle of Youth,
All Virtues Pattern, Patron of all Truth;
Refuge of Armes, ample Reward of Arts,
Worth's Comforter, milde Conquerer of Harts:
The Churche's Tower, the Terror of the Pope,
Heroik Henry, Atlas of our Hope.

How-cuer, short of Others Art and Wit,
I knowe my powers for such a Part vnfitt;
And shall but light my Candle in the Sunn,
To doe a work shall be so better Donne:

A 2

Could



Could *Teares and Feares* giue my Distractions leaue,
Of sobbing words a *sable Webbe* to weaue;
Could *Sorrowe's Fulnes* giue my voice a vent;
How would! how should my saddest *Verselament*,
In deepest Sighes (in stead of sweetest Songs)
This Losse (alas !) which vnto All belongs:
To All, alas ! though chieflie to the Chief;
His *royal Parents*, Principalls in grief:
To All the *Peers*, to all *Confederate*,
To All the *Ch v r c h*, to all the *CHRISTIAN State*:
To all the Godly now, and future, farr:
To all the *W O R L D*; except *S.P.Q.R.*
To All together, and to Each a-part,
That liues, and loues *Religion, Armes, or Art*:
To all abroad; but, to vs most of all
That necrest stood to my *High Cedars* fall:
But, more then most, to *Mee*, that had no *Prop*
But *H E N R Y's Hand*; and, but in *Him*, no *Hope*:
In whom, with *Nature, Grace* and *Fortune* mett,
To consummate a *P R I N C E*, as good as Great:

In



In whom, the Heauens were pleasd to shewe the Earth
A richer Jewell then the World was worth,
Or Worthy of: therfore, no more to make
So rare a Piece, His precious Moulde they brake.

O soudain Change ! O sad Vicissitude !
O how the Heauens our Earthly Hopes delude !
O ! what is firme beneath the Firmament !
O ! what is constant heer that giues Content !
What Trust in Princes ! O ! what Help in Man,
Whose dying Life is but in length a spann !
Melting, as Snowe befor the Mid-day Sunn ;
Past as a Poste, that speedy by dooth runn ;
Swift, as the Current of the quickest Stream ;
Vain, as a Thought ; forgotten, as a Dream.

O Dearest H E N R Y, Heav'n and Earth's Delight !
O clearest Beame of Vertues, Rising bright !
O purest Spark of Pious Princely Zeale !
O surest Ark of Justice sacred weale !
O grauest Presage of a Prudent kinde !
O brauest Message of a Valiant Mynde !



O All-admir'd, Benign and Bountious!
O All-desir'd (right) P A N A R E T V S!
(P A N A R E T V S (All-Virtuous) was thy Name;
Thy Nature such: such euer bee thy Fame).
O decrest! clearest! purest! surest Prop!
O grauest! bravest! highest! nighest Hope!
O! how vntimely is this Sunne gonne downe!
This spark put out, This Ark (as) ouerthrowne!
This Presage crost! This Message lost and left!
This Prop displac't! This Hope of All, bereft!
O! How vnkinde! How, gracielesse! How, ingrate!
Haue wee cut-off Thy likely longer Date!

For were, This stroak from Heav'ns immediat hand;
Or (by Heaven's leaue) from Hell's suborned Band
Of R o M V L I D E S (What dare not They presume?
If this, That Sea a Sulphury Sea consume.)
How-e'r it were, wee were the moouing Cause
That sweet Prince H E N R Y breath no longer drawes.
Wee All (alas!) haue had our hands herein:
And Each of vs hath, by some cord of Sinne,

B

Hal'd





Hal'd down from Heauen, from *Justice* awfull Seat,
This *heavy judgement* (which yet more doth threat).

Wee Clergy, first, who too-too-oft haue stood
More for the Church-goods, then the Churches good:
Wee Nobles next, whose Title, euer strong,
Can hardly offer Right, or suffer Wrong:
Wee Magistrates, who (mostly) weake of sight,
Are rather faine to feele then see the Right:
Wee Officers, whose Price of euery Place
Keeps *Virtue* out, and bringeth *Vice* in grace:

Wee Gentles then, whorack, and slack, and sell,
To swimme like *Sea-Crabs*, in a *fourre-wheeld Shell*:

Wee Courtiers, next, who *French-Italianate*,
Change (with the *Moon*) our *Fashion*, *Faith*, and *Fate*.

Wee Lawyers then, who *Deadizing L A V V*,
And deadding *Conscience*, like the Horse-leach drawe:

Wee Cittizens, who seeming *Pure* and *Plaine*,
Beguile our Brother, make our *God* our *G A Y N E*:

Wee Country-men, who slander *Heav'n* and *Earth*
As Authors of Our *A-tificiall Dearth*:



1
Wee Pourneyors, last, who taking tenn for two,
Rob both at once, our Prince and People too:
All, briefly All; all Ages, Sexes, Sorts,
In Countries, Citties, Benches, Churches, Courts
(All Epicures, Witt-Wantons, Athēists,
Mach-Aretines, Mimes, Tap-To-Bacchonists,
Batts, Happies, Sirens, Centaures, Bib-al-nights,
Sice-sink-ap-Asses, Hags, Hermaphrodites)
Aud Wee poore Nothings (fixed in no Spheare,
Right Wandering Tapers, Erring euery-where)
Scorne of the Vulgar, Scandal of the Gowne,
Haue pull'd this waight of Wrath, This Vengeance down:
All, All are guilty, in a high Degree,
Of This High-Treason and Conspiracie;
More brute then Brutus, stabbing more then C A E S A R,
With Two-hand-S I N N E S of Profit and of Pleasure:
And (th'odious Engine, which doth All include)
Our Many-pointed proudc I N G R A T I V D E.
For, for the Peoples Sinnes, for Subjects crymes,
God takes-away good Princes oftentimes.

So



So, good Iosiah (HENRY's parallel)
Was soon bereft from Sinfull Israel:
So our good EDVVARD (HENRY's Pre-cedent)
For ENGLAND's *Sinns* was hence vntimely hent.
So heer, good HENRY is new taken hence,
For now *Great-BRITANN*'s, great *Sinnes* confluence.

Wee see th'Effect: wee haue the Cause confess:
O! Turne wee then, with speed, to *Saue the rest*:
O! Turne vs, *Lord*; turne to vs, turne away
Thy *Frowns*, our *Fears*, with humblest Tears wee pray.
O saue our SOVERAIN; saue his *Royall seed*;
That still his *owne* may on His *Throne* succeed.

Let Each of vs make priuie Search within;
And hauing found, bring forth the *Traitor SINNE*
To *Execution*, with all *Execration*
Henceforth renouncing such *In Sin-newation*.

Let Each of vs (as Each hath throwen a *Dart*,
A *Dart* of Sinne, at HENRY's princely hart)
Send vp in Sighes our *Soules* devoutest breath, (BETH,
To *Shield* our IAMES, ANNE, CHARLES, ELIZA-
And





And **H I M** whose *Love* shall render **H E R** her *Brother*,
And make **Her** soon a happy *Princes Mother*.

Let Each of vs cease to lament (in vain)
Prince H E N R Y's Losse: Death is to **H I M** a Gain.
For *Saunoy's* Dukelings, or the *Florentine*,
He Wedds his *Saviour*, of a Regal *Ligne*;
Glorie, for *Gould*; for *Hope*, *Possession* (thear)
Of *Crowns* so Rich as neuer entred Eare,
Eye neuer saw, nor euer Heart conceav'd;
So strong *Affur'd*, as cannot be bereav'd.

Waile not his death: His *Vertues* cannot *Dye*;
Immortall Issue of **E T E R N I T I E**.



His Soule in Blisse beholds her Makers Eyes:
His goodlie Body shall more glorious *Rise*.
Weep not for **H I M**: weep for our selues, alas !
(Not for our *Priuate* or *Peculiar* case:
As, for our *Sonn's*, *Brother's*, or *Master's* lack,
Or *Prince's* losse (our *Expectations* wrack)
Our *Places*, *Graces*, *Profits*, *Pensions* lost,
Our *present Fortunes* cast, our *future* crost)

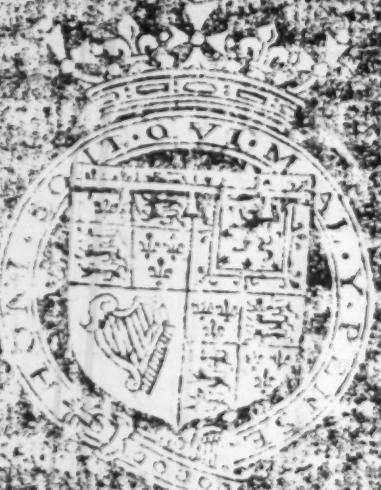
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Weep



Weep for our Sinns, our Wicked-Prouocations,
Our haynous, horrid, high A B H O M I N A T I O N S;
Both *seen* and *secret*; both in High and Lowe:
Weep, weep, for *These*; and, stript from Top to Toc,
Of guiddie-*Gaudes*, Top-gallant *Tires* and *Towers*,
Of Face-pride, Case-pride, Shin-pride, Shoo-pride, ours
(Like N I N I V I T E S so neer Their threatened Fall)
In blackest *Sack* and *Cinders* shrowded All,
Not like a *Bul rush*, for a day or two,
To stoop, and droop, and *seem* as others *doo*,
(As A C H A B yerst, and P H A R A O, in Distress)
And then return vnto our old Excess
(As Doggs vnto their Mewte, Hogg's to their Mire)
But, day by day, vntill our last expire,
With bended Knees, but more with broken Harts,
And th'inward rest of right Repentant Parts,
Prostrate our Soules in *Fasting* and in *Prayer*,
Before the Foot-stool of th'Empyreal C H A I R E:
That So, What-euer bloodie D E L V G E float
Fom th'old Red-Dragons wide-wide-yawning Throat,
Wee Humbled M o v r N E R S may be Heav'nly Markt,
In M E R C I E's Vessell to be AllimbA R K T.





AN EPITAPH.

When Great French HENRY Fates bereft,
His Name and Fame to OVR S Hee left;
As ablest ATLAS Then, to proppe
The Waight of WORTH, the World of HOPE:
But, ENGLAND's Sinnes (a heauier Load)
So over-layd His Shoulders broad,
That, crushed downe, Heer lies HEE dead.
So, HOPE is fallen, and WORTH is fled.

ANOTHER.

Whom All admir'd, whom All (almost) ador'd,
For ali the Parts of all PANDORA's Treasure;
The Hope of All, to haue all Good restor'd;
HIM All our Ills haue slain, by Heavn's Displeasure.

By HIS (late) HIGHNESS's

First Wor^t
&
Poet Pension^r

Iosuah Sylvester.



In Obitum Sereniss. Principis, HENRICI.

Occidit ante diem Iuuenum flos, gloria stirpis
Regalis, Patri x spes columenq; suæ.
Occidit ante diem, Patri populisq; Britannis
Flendus, & his iunctis fœdere, amore, sacris.
Occidit ante diem, gesturus Principedigna,
Accelerasset eini fera Parca necem.
Occidit ante diem, virtutis & vbere fructu,
Et mundum exemplo funere destituens.
Occidit ante diem, si vota & commoda spectes
Publica, vel vitam si breuitate notes.
Sin vitam spectes partam illi morte perennem,
Haud iam, par Superis, occidit antediem.

G. Q.

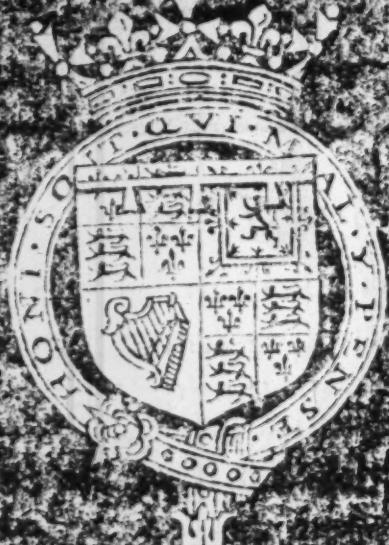
*SONNETTO sopra il mede-
simo Suggetto.*

Il fior^o de Prencipi nel fior^o de gl' anni,
Et delle nostre Speranze, ora è colto
Dalla spietata Morte (abi lasso) e tolto
A noi dolenti e misers Britanni.

*A nessun' Popol' mai diè tanti affanni
Morendo alcun' gran Prencipe, per molto
Ch' ei fosse amato, quanti il nostro sciolto
Dal corpo cì lascia e dolori, e danni.*

*Dal Ciel pareua ch' cì fosse dato,
Perche del Padre Successor nel Regno
Fosse, e felice, e chiaro e'n Pace, e'n Guerra.
Macì vien tolto (ohime) dal Ciel irato
Ad danni nostri, perche di se dechno
Stimollo, e' indegna esser ài Lui la Terra.*

Gual: Quin.



In Pontificium exprobrantem nobis
sextum Nouembris.

O Invidorum quisquis es, R O M V L I nepos,
Qui fata nobis exprobras *Nouembrium*,
Crudelis audi: Nunquid autumas Scelus
Illud nefandum, sulphureum, igneum, Malo
Oblitterari posse succedaneo?
Ocellus orbis H E N R I C V s, quoquo die
Nouo beârit spiritu cœli domos,
Infame vestri nomen Ausi perpetim
Ad execrantes transuolabit Posteros;
Tantoq; deinceps atriore Calculo
Signabitur, quantò *ultimum H E N R I C I diem*
Attingit vſq; propiūs. Vnius docet
Iactura (quamuis Numinis dempti manu)
Quantum luisset Orbis, vno vulnere
Si tota Magni stirps I A C O B I regia
Tulisset vnum funus à vestro D I T E.

Indignabundus effutij,

Ios. H A L L.

C-D

The same Englished.

*Against the Papist vpbrayding vs
with the sixt of NOVEMBER.*

VV Hat-euer envious Romulide Thou art
 Upbraid'st vs with NOVEMBER's fatal part:
O Cruel! Thinkst Thou, thinkst Thou, any Time
 Can, That nefarious, firie, sulphurie Crime,
 That hellish, horrid, bloody, readie-Deed,
 Blot-out, by any ILL that can succeed?
What-euer Day, Earth's-Dearling HENRY had
 With His Soule's presence made Heauens Presence glad,
 Th' infamous Fame of your PLOT's Prodigies
 Must ouer-fle to all POSTERITIE'S
 Just Execration; and bee more abhorrd,
 The more it neers the Death of HIM, My LORD.
His Death, alone (though by the hand of Heauen)
 Shewes what a Wound You to the WORLD had giuen,
If Our Great IAMES, His royall Issue, All
 Had by Your Hell-Blowe had one FUNERALL.

By I.S.

FINIS.

Vpon
The vnseasonable times, that haue
followed the vnseasonable death
of my sweete Master,
Prince HENRY.

Fond Vulgar, canst thou thinke it strange to finde
So watery Winter, and so wastefull Winde?
What other face could Natures age becomc,
In looking on Great HENRY's Herse and Toome?
The World's whole Frame, his Part in *mourning* beares:
The *Windes* are Sighes: the *Raine* is Heauens Teares:
And if These Teares be rife, and Sighes be strong,
Such Sighs, such Tears, to these sad Times belong. (make
These Showrs haue drown'd all Hearts: These Sighs did
The CHVRCH, the WORLD, with Griefs, with Feares to
Weep on, ye Heauens; and Sigh as ye begon: (shake.
Men's Sighes and Teares are slight, and quickly done.

I. Hall.

Of the Rain-bowe, that was reported to be
seen in the night, ouer S^t. I A M E S, before the
Princes death; and of the vnseasonable
Winter, since.

W^As euer nightly R A I N-B O V V E seene?
Did euer W I N T E R mourne in greene?
Had that long B o w e been bent by Day,
T had chased all our C l o u d s away:
But, now that it by Night appeares,
It tels the D E L V G E of our T e a r e s.
No maruell R A I N-B O V V E s shine by Night,
When S u n s yer Noone do lose their light.
I R I S was wont to be, of old,
Heav'ns Messenger to Earthly mold;
And now Shee came to bring vs downe
Sad Newes of H E N R Y 's better C r o w n e.
And as the E a s t e r n e S T A R did tell
The P e r s i a n S a g e s, of that C e l l i n g
Where S I O N 's King was b o r n e and lay;
And ouer that same H o u s e did stay:
So did T h i s W e s t e r n e B i b l i v e d e s c r y
Where H E N R Y, Prince of M o n, should die:
Lo there T h i s A r c h o f H e a v' n l y state
Rais'd to the T R I V M P H of his F a t e;
Yet, rais'd in dark of Night, to shewe
His G l o r y should bee with our W o e.
And Now, for that mens M o u n n i n g weed
Reports a G r i e f e not felt, indeed;
The W I N T E R weeps, and mournes in deed,
Though clothed in a S V M M E R weed.

J. Hall.

SVNDRY
FVNERAL
ELEGIES,
ON THE VNTIMELY
Death of the most ex-
cellent PRINCE,
HENRY;
Late, PRINCE of VVALES.

Composed by severall
AVTHORS.



1613.

To the seuerall Authors of these
surrepted Elegies.

After so many, vulgar, Icie Showers,
Be not displeas'd We shewe These Pearls of Yours;
Whose Orient Hue and Orbie Height, admir'd
Of euery Sort, is euery-where desir'd,
As worthiest Iewells for the Front of Fame
When Shee proclaimes All-Worthy H E N R Y 's Name:
Whose Honor is our only Aime and Scope;
Without impeachment unto Yours, we hope.
If any be mis-paire^d, or mis-plaç^t;
Pardon (we pray) th' un-Herald Printers haste:
Who only learn'd, at This late Funeral,
To marshall meanest, first and last of all.
If any grieue to undergoe the Pres^s;
You All (almost) haue suffered it, for less:
if (which we feare) som-where we miss your Text;
Better inform'd, wee'l mend it in the Next.
But, if Our Stealth your Censures most incense;
Our B o o k may saue vs, for Our first Offence.

H. L. R. S.

31

AN ELEGIE
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.

By G. G.

Not as the people that are hir'd to crie
And howle at euery Great-mans Obsequie :
Nor as *The Wits*, that closely wooe Applause
By curious handling This sae common Cause :
Nor toucht in *My particular* at all ,
By any future *Hope*, or present *Fall*
(For, This Man's Eye was neuer cast on Mee ;
Nor could I dreame that euer it should bee) :
Nor do I, with the fashion, *Mourne in Black* ;
My *Sorrow's* in my Heart, not on my Back ;
Where I do *weep*, because Wee haue no Sense
Of true *bemouing* greatest Excellence.
With idle Rimes wee blot white spot-les papers
(Whose best vse is to make *Tobacco* Tapers)
There, striuing to out-strip each others braine,
We shew how vaine we are, to shew our veine ;
Foolishly thinking, in a *measur'd Verse*,
A Losse beyond *Dimension* to rehearse.
When yee do write of *Loue* and *pleasant* things,
Then smooth your Lines : but, in the *Losse of Kings*,
When all Eyes *weep*, and all true Hearts do *bleed*,
Please no-man with a Line that he shall read.
And, of This *P H O E N I X*, that is lately fled
To Life from hence, where all that liue are dead ;
Onely pronounce, but with a voyce of Thunder,
Prince H E N R Y's gon : and leauue the world to wonder
What Plot of *Prouidence* it is, to shewe
Such *Jewels*, and then snatch them from vs, so.

For,

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

32
For, What are all the Words that All can say
Of H i m, to H i m, or V s ? They neither may
Reach to His Vertues, nor Our Losse regain,
Comfort one Sorrow, nor asswage one Pain.
H e e hath His Peace ; Wee, Grief ; all Times, His Glorie :
So yong so good was neuer found in Storie.

FINIS.

AN EPITAPH.

R Eader : Wonder think it none,
Though I speake, and am a Stone.
Heer is shrin'd Cœstial Dust :
And I keepe it but in trust.
Should I not ~~not~~ my Treasure tell,
Wonder then You might as well,
How the Stone could chuse but break,
If it did not learne to speak.
Hence, amaz'd : and ask not M E E ,
Whose these sacred Ashes bee :
Purposely it is conceal'd.
For, if that should be reueal'd,
All that read, would by-and-by
Melt themselues to Teares, and Dye.

S. P. O.

FINIS.

I. E L E G I E
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.
By MR. HOLLAND.

HE that had told mee This, and said he dreamed,
A while agone, I should haue thought blasphemed;
Or him in *Bedlam* wisht for want of Reason;
Or at the Tower or *Tiborn*, for his Treason.

Poore I L E, that with thy Tides doost howerly alter,
Out-washt with waues, in-washt with Teares, but salter;
Wert Thou so lately to thy *Name* restored,
To haue thy brest so soon, so deeply gored?
Thy Face was with His Grandams Death confounded:
In His, thy heart is broke, or hugely wounded.
Thy Prince (ô mercie God !) whose Fate and Merite
Heer or in Heav'n a *Crowne* was to inherit;
And, heer hec had, but for our *good misfortune*:
For His life-giuers Life did Heav'n importune.
And there, he doth; yea there he liueth *Crowned*:
Nor is hee *dead* vnto our *Teares* him drowned;
Though in the Angells Crowd perhaps hee fainted,
Who throngd to see Him there both *Crownd* & *Sainted*.
But, as the *sacring* of the King now *regnant*
Wee long defer'd; and first prepar'd our pregnant
Teares for the Burial of the Queen deceased:
So, leauue wee, now, the blessed *Soule* released,
Which (like the *Kinglie Office*) never dyeth;
And turn to that sweet *Corps* which lowely lyeth.

O *Rose*! of thousand *Damsels* late desired,
Whose crimsin hew their snowie bosomes fired;
The *Rose* of L A N C A S T E R, that fairely burned
In his fresh Cheeks, to that of Y O R K is turned.

F V N E R A L E L E G I E S .

Bleed *Teares*, ye *English* hearts, and haue *Compunction*:
Your Grand-Fathers wept blood for their *Dis-junction*.
The Flower of All this *Age* is now deflowred:
In Flower of all His Age him Death deuowred.
No *Catesbie* could do more, no *Faux*, nor *Percie*
(Of Hell the Fire-brands) nor haue shouen lesse Mercy.
Tell me, Ye that had Hell in Earth contriued,
Or, into Hell would hence haue digd or diued,
What Fiend it was, or of the Fiend what Member,
First tolde you of that *fatal Month Nouember*?
Twas not the *Fift*, he was a *lying Prophet*,
The *Sixt* it was (nor err'd he wider of it):
Be That a Day of *Jubile* and *Thanks-giving* ;
But This a dismal Day of Grones and Grieuing.
The *Court* doth mourne, and all with *black* is walled,
Nor shall againe in haste *White-Hall* be called.
Yea, Where at *Tilt* and *Ring*, he vs'd his races
Is desert now : His presence fild all Places.
How oft, when as to *West-minster* I trudged
About my fist yeers Suite (but yet vniudged)
He cheered vp my heart (that was full heauie)
To see him ride before the beautious Beauie
Of *Ladies* bright that stood thereat amazed,
And with their Lights the Windowes double glazed !
The Horse had of his load more pride then feeling,
Now running, and now bounding, and now wheeling;
The Fire out of his ample nostrils glowed:
And with his mouth the ground along he snowed.
If once he neigh'd, no other Trumpet needed,
And like his Masters Eye or thought he speeded.
Thus oft I saw them for the race preparing;
His Horse the *Winde*, Himselfe all Commers daring.
His armour lightened, and his Staues did thunder,
So did the fierie Steed that flew him vnder.

Then

Then brake He staues: But now Our Staffe is broken,
 So are our hearts, although our hearts were Oaken:
 For now, in stead of Steed, the Beer him beareth;
 No more His Steed the flying Center teareth,
 But sadly walks before; and will no faster,
 For hurting her that must imbrace his Maister.
 Lo, with the ground where lowe he lies and leuel,
 The P R I N C E of Youth, who kept that life and reuell.
 Light hearts He made: for when he lightly bounded,
 No ground but Shoutes vnto the Musicke sounded.
 Nor shouldest thou be (ô Earth) if ought might woo-thee,
 To Him more heauie then He was vnto-thee.
 Art thou yet Earth, for all thy *Mines*, so needy?
 Or, by Our *Greediness* learn'st thou be greedy?
 We digge thy Womb for *Gold* (we are so cruell)
 And digge it vp againe to hide our I E V V E L.
 But This, which in thy Bosome *now* is hoorded,
 Is worth what euer vs thou hast affoorded.
 Our *Hopes* ranne on Him; but his Fates ranne faster:
 Nor less then our Desire is our disaster.
 Ne shouldest our *Teares* then were our *Hopes* be fewer,
 Which shoure apace and make each Eye an Eawer,
 Bach brest a Bason; thence all *Hopes* be washed,
 No loue extinct; whose Flames there euer flashed:
 And shall, till vs with him they burne to Cinders;
 And soon they would, but that our weeping hindres.
 To bring in *Lee* to *This*, and *Coyle*, what needeth?
 From euery Eye, another T H A M E S proceedeth;
 Which neuer should Deaths Image see, nor slumber,
 Till in the *South* they make a second *Humber*.
 Eies weep out *Teares*: *Teares* weep out Eies, in Kindnes;
 For, next to Death, now best of Things is Blindnes.
 When late his *Grand-dams* reliques were remoued,
 Who would haue thought that it would thus haue proued?

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

My life, and all I had, I durst haue pawned,
That Vault for Him would not so soone haue Yawned.
Where Him in her cold armes she now imbraces,
Who liuing warm'd all brests and stain'd all faces. (sure
Good Lord, how Time doth run ! we Months can mea-
But sive, betwixt our Treasurer and our Treasure.
Now all is gone, the reason may be noted
VVhy none is yet vnto the Place promoted ;
And He that best deserues of any other,
May sigh for Him, as for his Fathers Mother.
Alas ! there is no need : no Thief will offer,
Nor yet a Fool to rob an emptie Coffer.
One leaden Coffin doth our Gold enuiron,
And our more leaden Hearts are wrapt in iron.
So dull, so hard they are that none perceiueth
Of how much this His Death the Realm bereaueth.
Was this Hee (or did I my Selfe but flatter)
That of my Song should be the mighty Matter ?
This He that should heaw downe the *Turkes* like *Cattle*,
And I first fight, and after sing the Battle ?
Alas ! that Song must now be turn'd to sadnes :
All Mirth and Musicke are but Fits of Madnes.
Fy on the Face that makes a Mock of Sorrow ;
Or that, to grieue, a Cloak will beg or borrow.
True Griefe indeed, that cannot well be choaked,
Will finde a vent and needs not to be cloaked.
His Stormes of Sighes and Teares will soon be layed,
Whose head with one poore Riband may be staied.
Giue me a running Head : His braine is idle,
VVho giues not now vnto his Teares the bridle.
VVhere are the Wits which He him chose and cherisht ?
Are all braue Spirits with one Bodie perisht ?
The V N I V E R S I T I E S should make rchearsall
Of our sad Storie ; 'tis so vniuersall.

My

My Mother C A M B R I D G E (whom so *Phæbus* loueth,
 As hardly from thy Confines he remoueth)
 Are all thy *Muses* fled ? thy Wits all brained ?
 Or thy sweet Springs more then thy Marshes drained ?
 And O X F O R D, thou that didst taste oft his Bounty,
 Who late at *Woodstock* feasted all thy County,
 What is the Cause that both your Tongues be tyed ?
 Are *Grant* and *Thames* and all your Fountaines dryed ?
 You are the Kingdome's Eyes, to you it longeth
 To weep what-e'r the Kingdom wounds or wrongeth.
 Most Sorrow, through the Eyes, the Heart perplexeth :
 But through the heart the Eyes this Sorrow vexeth.
 For, King and Realme (which should I pittie rather)
 Haue lost ; the King a Sonne, the Realme a Father :
 VVhose Gifts, with longer life, God grant his Brother :
 In all but age become He such another.
 And to His *numeral* Name (my Vow is thrifte)
 Oh ! may He adde an hundred yeares and fiftie :
 So may Her Mothers Image and His *Sister*,
 Whole pearly Eyes like both the *Indies* glister.
 And would to God that Death so long had tarryed
 While He had seen her fully woo'd and *maryed*.
 But, oh ! the Mother ! how hath Shee bedewed
 With liquid Pearles the bosome stuck and strewed !
 The Queen of Loue (O ! stay her there, she soundeth)
 With Sighes and Teares her brest both drains & drow-
 His Bodie with those Teares let be embalmed, (neth.
 And to sweet Odours those sad Sighes be calmed :
 For, lo, the Spirit is flowne to God immortall,
 VVhose House high *Heauen* is, and death the Portall.
 So, VVc perhaps may giue Him worthy Buriall,
 VVhose Toomb should be another new *Escorial*.

Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet.

EPITAPHIVM

Ad Aram HENRICI CÆSARIS,
Principis WALLIÆ & Iuuentutis,

H. HOLLAND flevit fixitq.

Crudeli Crudaq; Patri Patriaq; Ruina
Raptus, ut aethereis infereretur Avis:
HENRICVS modica (sanctu Caput!) inditur urnæ;
Maximus Ille, suo ni Genitore minor.

FINIS.



George Obiigod gib looke

looke

2. *EL E G I E*
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.

By M^r. D O N N E.

Look to Me, *Faith*; and look to my *Faith, God*:
For, both my *Centres* feel This *Period*.
Of *Waught*, one *Centre*; one, of *Greatness* is:
And *REASON* is That *Centre*; *FAITH* is This.
For, into our *Reason* flowe, and there doe end,
All that this naturall *World* doth comprehend;
Quotidian things, and *Equi-distant* hence,
Shut-in for Men in one *Circumference*:
But, forth' enormous *Greatnesses*, which are
So disproportion'd and so angulare,
As is *God's Essence, Place, and Providence*,
Where, How, When, What, Soules do departed hence:
These *Things (Eccentrique else)* on *Faith* do strike;
Yet neither All, nor vpon all alike:
For, *Reason*, put i' her best *Extension*,
Almost meetes *Faith*, and makes both *Centres* one:
And nothing euer came so neer to This,
As *Contemplation* of the *PRINCE* wee misse.
For, All that *Faith* could credit Mankinde *could*,
Reason still seconded that This *PRINCE* *would*.
If then, least *Mouings* of the *Centre* make
(More then if whole *Hell* belcht) the *World* to shake,
What must This doo, *Centres* distracted so,
That *Wee* see not what to belieue or knowe?
Was it not well believ'd, till now; that *Hee*,
Whose Reputation was an *Extasie*

E

On

On Neighbour States ; which knew not VVhy to wake
Till *Hee* discouerd what wayes *Hee* would take :
For *Whom* what *Princes* angled (when they tryed)
Mett a *Torpedo*, and were stupefied :
And Others studies, how *Hee* would be bent,
Was His great *Father's* greatest Instrument,
And activ'lt spirit to conuey and tye
This soule of *Peace* through C H R I S T I A N I T I E ?
Was it not well believ'd, that *Hee* would make
This general *Peace* th' eternall ouertake ?
And that *His* Times might haue stretcht out so far
As to touch Those of which they *Emblems* are ?
For, to confirm this iust Belief, that Now
The *last Dayes* came ; wee saw Heauen did allow
That but from *His* aspect and *Excercise*,
In *Peace*-full times, Rumors of *Warrs* should rise.
But now This *Faith* is *Heresie*: wee must
Still stay, and vexe our *Great-Grand-Mother*, D v s t.
Oh ! Is G o d prodigall ? Hath He spent his store
Of *Plagues* on vs ? and only now, when more
Would easse vs much, doth he grudge *Miserie*,
And will not lett's enjoy our *Curse*, to *Dye* ?
As, for the Earth throw'n lowest downe of all,
•T were an *Ambition* to desire to fall :
So God, in our *desire* to *dye*, dooth know
Our Plot for *Ease*, in beeing *Wretched* so.
Therfore *Wee liue* : though such a Life wee haue
As but so manie *Mandrakes* on his *Grave*.

What had *His* growth and *generation* donne ?
When what wee are, his *putrefaction*
Sustains in vs, Earth; which *Griefs* animate :
Nor hath our *World* now other *soule* then That.
And could *Grief* gett so high as *Heav'n*, that *Quire*
Forgetting This, their new *Joy* would desire

(With

FUNERAL ELEGIES,

(VVith grief to see him) *Hee* had staid belowe,
To rectifie Our *Errors* They fore knowe.

Is th' other *Centre, Reason*, faster, then?

VVhere should wee look for That, now w'are not Men?

For, if our *Reason* be our *Connexion*

VVith *Causes*, now to vs there can be none.

For, as, if all the *Substances* were spent,

'T were Madnes to enquire of *Accident*:

So is't to looke for *Reason, H E E* being gone,

The only *Subiect Reason* wrought vpon.

If *Faith* haue such a chaine, whose divers *Links*

Industrious *Man* discerneth, as he thinks,

VVhen *Miracle* dooth ioine; and to steal-in

A new link *Man* knowes not whereto begin:

At a much deader Fault must *Reason* bee,

Death hauing broke-off such a *Link* as *Hee*.

But, now, for vs with busie *Proofs* to come

That w' hau no *Reason*, would proue we had some:

So would iust *Lamentations*. Therfore *Wee*

May safeliersay, that VVee are dead, then *Hee*.

So, if our *Griefs* wee doo not well declare,

VV' haue double *Excuse*; *Hee* is not *dead*, VVee are.

Yet would not I dye yet; for though I bee

Too-narrow, to think *Him*, as *Hee* is H E E

(Our *Soule's* best Bayting and Mid-period

In her long *Journey* of *Considering God*)

Yet (no Dishonor) I can reach *Him* thus;

As *Hee* embrac't the *Fires of Love* with vs.

Oh! May I (since I liue) but see or hear

That *Shee-Intelligence* which mov'd This *Sphear*,

I pardon Fate my Life. Who-e'r thou bee

Which hast the noble *Conscience*, Thou art *Shee*.

I coniure Thee by all the *Charmes Hee* spoke,

By th' *Oathes* which only you *Two* neuer broke,

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

By all the Soules you sigh't ; that if you see
These Lines, you wish I knew Your Historie :
So, much as You Two mutual Heavens were here,
I were an Angel singing what You were.



It

3. ELEGIE
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.

By Sr. WILLIAM CORNWALLIS

It is not Night; yet all the World is black:
The *FIat's* past; and yet *Our Sunne* wee lack.
Now know *Joyes* and *Griefs* are numbred, known
By our Capacities, not by their owne.
The Lord and Lown together mix their Plaint:
Some heartsdoo swell, some pine, and other faint.
This *Grief's* much like a curious Painters hand
That meets all Eyes, which way so'er they stand.
Who had not layd his *Hopes* vpon *His* head?
Who must not sorrow when his *Hopes* are dead?
If euerie common *Sorrow* forceth *Teares*,
And *Sighes* and *Grones* for *Cognizance* it beares;
Shall This vn-thought, vnparralleled *Losse*,
This vinuersall *Ship-wracke's* *Grief* and *Crosse*,
Carrie no other Character of *Woes*
Then such wherein the basest *Sorrow* goes?
Though wee could not his saddest *Fate* eschew,
Yet may wee pay his *Memorie* her dew.
Let then This *Grief* for euer fresh remain,
And binde wee our *Posteritie* to plain.
Lett's, to the *Revolution* of This Day
Of *Lamentations*, yearly *Tribute* pay.
Let all Times knowe our *Princely* *HARRY*'s Name,
And let not *Age*, nor *Enuye* eat *His Fame*.
Oh! let all Tongues beliuing *Epitaphs*,
And let them lead our Children to the paths
VVhich his wise, noble, pious Actionstrac't,
VVhere *Vertue* *HIM*, and *Hee* even *Vertue* grac't.

FUNERAL ELEGIES

So graue and braue a Presence, so compos'd
That Grace and Terror both at once disclos'd
Him and Themselves so, to the standers-by,
As His Commands were written in his Eye:
And yet, even then hee could as well obay;
For, to his Royall Father *Hee* did pay
A Sonn's and Subiect's dew Obedience.
Oh! how farre is't from our Experience,
To see great Fortunes truely moderate,
And purchasers of Loue, and not of Hate!
But, I haue not so manie Griefs to spare
(Nor shall this dropsie World suck vp my Care)
That, but to Him and His vntimely Fate,
Could lend one Sorrow from my hapless State.
Yet, not vntimelie; since wee know 'tis reason
That Time should follow Time; and Season Season.
Hee bare ripe Fruite, euen in his verie Prime:
Nature, in Him made haste to out-runn *Time*.
Dull lazie Bodies passe not fast Careers:
Wise Men count Lyves by Actions, not by yeares.
Wee need admire no longer P H I L I P P 's Sonne:
Neuer was Life in little better donne.
How did *Hee* gouern his will chosen Train,
Without Disorder or Luxurious Stain!
In His Howle, *Peace* and *Plentie* had their byding,
And *Hospitality* her Chief residing.
Never did Youth and Greatnes take their Inne
Where they were kept so spot-les without Sinn:
Nor ever did Authoritie lesse harme,
Which oft (alas!) doth *Vice* not *Vertue* arm.
No venome lurked in his harm-les Pleasures;
They were not Maisters of his Time nor Treasures;
Nor were they idle, or without an End:
But all, to som more serious Course, did tend.

Thus

Thus did Hee vsē Tennis, Balloon, and Foiles,
 To make a well-breath'd Bodie fitt for Toiles .
 Thus manag'd Hee Pikes, Pistols, Horses, Armes,
 To be prepar'd against his Country's harmes.
 How did *Hee* loue that rauisher of Soules,
 Which, all base, muddie, earthly Thoughts controules !
 (Had I *Prométheus* bin, in stead of Fire,
 My Theft had bin the Songs of Heauens Quire.)
 Yet here, His moderation kept her pase :
 For, *Musiks* wanton part though He could grace,
 As well as euer yet could Carpet knight,
 And could adorn a Dance to please the sight
 Of the most choise and curious Damsells eyes ;
 Yet held Hee that, among those Mysteries,
 That neuer are, or can be better vs'd,
 Then when, in forc't, they cannot be refus'd :
 But, running, swimming, and such excercise,
 As much more Masculine, hee more did prize.
 Neither did These His brave and a^glieue Parts
 Hinder his minde . For, though in pedant Arts
 Hee were not lip-learnd : yet his Iudgement knew
 The Latitude of things ; and how to view
 The Court and her Invisibilities ;
 Which, seen, are not seen , often, by the Wise.
 No Tongue can euer be to anie Eares
 A trewer Treasorer of what it heares ;
 Not like a petty Stream, which cannot bear
 The least accessse, but that it strait doth rear
 His head above his Banks, or els must vtter
 What is receiv'd, into some Ditch or gutter :
 But like the Sea, where no accession can
 Make 't visible vnto the eyes of Man.
 Wise *Secrecie*, the Ligament of Frends,
 Was His, and His euer to noble ends :

For, by it, Hee read Men, in stead of Books ;
 As Hee must doo, that into Kingdomes looks.
 Times *past* by Entrailles vsed to presage ;
 And *ours* by Humors, Malice, Envie, Rage.
 But, runn no farther in this Maze, my *Muse* ;
 Hee knew Vice, but no Vice could e'r infuse
 Her Poison into His well ordered Minde ;
Religion there and *Conscience* were combin'd,
 And made a strong and holy warr-like Fence
 Against base, crooked Ends ; and Lust of Sense.
 O ! Miracle of Nature ! how could'st Thou
 Keep thy great Fortunes, that they did not bow
 To Appetite, and Sensuall Delight ?
 Since they that gainst the carnall Man doo fight,
 Scarce trust themselves with life, for fear of Treason ;
 What force had then Thy more then humane Reason,
 Which in the midst of all that might allure,
 Did yet the Castle of thy Minde assure ?
 Wonder of this our *Age*, what Sorrow may
THEE, and *Thy heauie Losse*, to life display ?
 Not My dull *Muse* ; which, while shee doth renew
 Thy Memorie, knowes only what is dew,
 But cannot pay thee. Grief hath already spent
 My Bodie's store : But yet my Soule lament,
 And in a *silent* Dove-like *Dirge* bemoane,
The Ioye and Beautie of the World is gone.
 And yet, not gone : For though the VVorld contain
 One only *P H O E N I X*, and that One is slain ;
 Yet may our now next *Hope* another proue :
 The same Sunne shines on *H I M* with no less love.
 Pardon mee then, sweet *P R I N C E*, fair-blooming Youth :
 As thou art raisd, so art thou sett from Trueth
 A Degree farther then thou wert, of late ;
 Thou, now, with Others eyes must see thy State : H a v y
VWhich

Which though my Vowes shall wish may see aright ;
Yet can I not wish you a better Light,
Then the remembrance of your Brothers Gest.

Whose Thought vpon faire past Examples rest,
Hath honest Counsailors as well as wise :
In liuing Councells Passion often lies.
The only Doubt is, that Examples past,
In other State-moulds, former-fram'd and cast,
Are hardlie fitted to these Times of ours.

But (noble Prince) This Fear need not be Yours :
It is your Selfe I sett before your view ;
The Print of these faire stepps is fresh and new.
Farr in the World's Discouerie Hee saild ;
And, neither *Sirens* Songs, nor Rocks preuaild
To impeach His Course, or to diuert his way :
His *Voyage* donne, Hee rests now in the Bay :
Hee came home richlie laden all with Harts,
Wonne by the Prowess of His iust Desarts.
And now, deer Sir, your Course beginneth next :
Take, I beseech you, His, for Map or Text ;
And then dilate vpon it what your please.
I only warne you, Let not sluggish Ease
Benum your Senses : nor let hasty Flight,
With seeing only up-ward, daze your sight.
Man hath ynough to doo, where-ever plac't ;
And *Greatnes* is mistaken, if not grac't
With *Justice*, *Goodnes* and *Integritie* ;
The wisest and the safest *Policie*.

For, no Lawe doth so deeplie penetrate
Into the vaines and marrow of a State,
As those, th' Examples of Yourlyues present :
Which silently drawe all Men to consent,
And doo accord the Subiects hearts to Yours ;
Louc making sweet the sharpnes of your Powers.

F

Lastly,

Lastly, to Thee, great King, faire spreading Palm,
Which at thy Comming all our Stormes didst calm; Y
Now, I implore you to appease Your Owne:
These are but Hapes; You, our Assurance known:
Vnder whose Shade this Iland doth possell
All kinde of Comforts and of Happinell;
But, can no longer, if your selfe giue-way
That disconterted Sadnes shall betray
Your Peace, on which your Subiects Peace doth liue.
Pardon, deer Sir, if I complain, you give
More then your Owne; Your Ioyes or Griefes are Ours;
And nothing but the Dispensation, Yours.
Should Clowdes for-euer shade the fruitfull Sun,
The Earth and all her Of-spring were vndon.
You are our Sunn: and from your glorious Beams,
The Happinell of all your Subiects streames:
For Justice sake, your Owne, and all this Land,
O're-come this great Eclipse; your Selfe command:
Your Happie-fortune you could moderate:
To make your Glorie complete, bear This Fate
With the like Temper; that the World may know
Your happie Greatnes you doo only owe
To Go d and V E R T U E; which doo still advance
Their Votaries above the Power of Chance.

On

FINS.

4. ELEGY

On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.By S^r. E D V V A R D H E R B E R T.

MY HE be Euer dead? Cannot Wee add
Another Life vnto That PRINCE, that had
Our Soules layd vp in Him? Could not our Love,
Now when H^ee left vs, maketh Bodie moue?
After His Death, one Age? and keep vnto
That Name wherein our Soules did so delight?
For, what are Soules, but Love? since they do know
Only for it, and can no farther goe.
Sense is the Soule of Beastes; because none can
Proceed so farr as to vnderstand, like Man.
And, if Soules bee more where they loue, then where
They animate, why did it not appear
In keping H^eim alyue? Or, how is faine
Equall to vs, while one mans private state
May ruin Kingdomes, when Shee will exposse
Him to a certain Death; and yet All those,
Whose loues would giue thousands of lives for one,
Not keep alyue This PRINCE who now is gone?
Or, doo wee dye in H^eim; only as wee on, as living
May, in the worlds harmonick Bodie, see dwine in a Prince?
An vniuersally-diffused Soule
Move in the Parts, which moves not in the Whole?
So though Wee dyd with H^eim, wee doo appear
To liue and stirre awhile; as if H^ee were
Still quickning vs? Or doo (perchance) wee haue
And knowe it not? See wee not Autumnne give
Back to the Earth againe what it receiv^e: doon
In th' early Spring; and may not Wee, deceiv^e: d, now as then?
Think that those Powers are dyd, which doo haue ~~slay~~ the world
And the Worlds Soule doth regnyne, keep?
And though this Autumnne gaue what neuer more
Arie Spring can vnto the World restore:
May wee not be deceiv^e: d, and think wee knowe
Our Selues for dead, because that wee are to

Vnto

Vnto each other, when yet wee doo liue
 A Life His Loue and Memoria dooth give,
 Who was our World's Soule; and to whom wee are
 So re-vnite, that in H im wee repaire
 All other our Affections ill bestow'd;
 Since by This loue wee now haue such abode
 With Him in Heavn, as wee had heer, before
 Hee left vs, dead. Nor shall wee question more,
 Whether the Son of Man be Memorie;
 As Plato thought. Wee and Posteritie
 Shall celebrate His Name; and Vertuous growe,
 Only in Memorie that He was so,
 And, in that Power wee may seem yet to liue,
 Because He liued once; though wee shall strive
 To sigh-away this seeming Life so fast,
 As if with vs 't were not already past.
 Wee then are dead: for what dooth now remain
 To please vs more, or what can wee call Gain,
 Now wee haue lost Him? And what else doth make
 Difference in Life and Death, but to partake
 Nor loye nor pain? O Death! couldst thou fullfill
 Thy Rage against vs, no way, but to kill
 This PR INCE in whom weeliv'd, that so, we All
 At once might perish by thy hand, and fall
 Vnder This Raine? Henceforth, though wee should
 Doo all the actions that the liuing wold,
 Yet shall wee no remeber that wee liue,
 No more, then when our Mothers wombe did give
 That Life wee felt not. Or should wee proceed
 To such a wonder, that the dead should breed;
 It should be wroghte, to keep that Memorie,
 Which being His, can therefore never dye.

On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,

HENRY.

By S^r. HENRY GOODYERE.

First, let me ask my Self, why I would trye,
 Vnmeasur'd Griefs, in measur'd lines, to tie;
 Or think poëtik Magick should enclose
 In such a Circle All-surmounting Woes.

Next; let me ask my Hearers: Will not They
 Think, I take part with *Death*, what-e'r I say?
 For, Thus to measure, is t' *Eclipse* this Sunne,
 And re-diminish him, as *Death* hath donne.

Him let me aske; Will not *Hee* think, that This
 Som wrong to Him, and som de-merit is,
 That I should be thus carefull to expresse
 Our Loss, and leaue out His great *Happiness*?
 Will not *Hee* think, that by *lamenting* Thus
 His leauing of these Kingdomes and of Vs,
 Wee doo not towards his new-got Kingdome striue,
 Where He is *Crownd*, his Fathers both alyue?

But I'll aske none: I ncither askē relief
 Nor counsell now of anie, but my Grief.
 Self-preserved moues me: I shall break
 If I stay, thinking still, and doo not speak.

But, What? At least expresse thy Grief this way,
 In saying that thou know'st not what to say:
 Say, that It might be thought some pictic,
 To grieue that thou griev'st not sufficiently;
 As Charitic, in greatest Sinner's Case,
 Admits such grief for some degree of grace.

Say, that As *Artists*, which pretend to take
 Great Heights with little Instruments, doo make

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Vnpardonable Errors; so would I,
His Greatnes, Goodnes, or our Miserie
Thus to descriue, or who-soeuer shall
Work in this mist of Grief which shadowes all;
This Grief, that vniuersally so infects,
That each Face is a Glasse whence it reflects.
For, as who doth ten thousand Glassestry,
Receiuers his owne Face back into his eye:
So, if on twenty millions you light,
Each Face reflects your owne Grief in your sight;
Grief, which from vs must be derived so,
As many Learned thought our Soules to goe,
By *Propagation*; and must reach to all
The After-born, like *Sinn Originall*.
And there's now no way lefft vs, to preuent
This Miserie, except This Age consent
To burn all *Records of HIS Historie*;
To burn his *Tombe*, and euery *Elegie*;
To burn His *Projects* all; and so keep hid
All that was donne for Him, and what Hee did:
That so, our Heires may neuer come to knowe
His *Worth*, Our *Losse*; so to inherit *Woe*.
But, That were an vniust Impiety.
Better they suffer, then His *Worth* should dye.
Besides: 't were Vain; since *Nature* hath, wee see,
Fore-told All (as it were) by *Prophecie*.
She made our World Then, when Shee made His *Head*:
Our *Sense*, Our *Verdure*, from His *Brain* was bred.
And, as *Two great Destructions* haue and must
Deface, and bring to nothing, That of *Dust*;
So, Our true *World*, This *P R I N C E S Head and Brain*,
A wastefull *Deluge* did and *Fire* sustain.
But, as Fore-sight of *Two such Wastes*, mad *S I T H* *Build*,
Ere *Two Columns*, th' owt-lie the *Worlds* dearth,
Against

Against the F L O O D and F L A M E, of Brick and Stone;
In which he hath by his Prouision,
Preserv'd from Barbarisme and Ignorance
Th' ensewing Ages; and did re-advance
All Sciences, which he engraued There:
So, by our S E T H's Prouision haue wee, Heer,
Two Pillars left; where, what so-c're wee priz'd
In Our lost World, is well Characteriz'd.
The list'ning to this Soueraine Harmonie,
Tames my Grief's rage; that now, as E L E G I C,
Made at the first for Mourning, hath bin since
Employ'd on Love, Joy, and Magnificence;
So this particular Elegie shall enclose
(Meant for my Grief for H I M) with Joy for T H E O S E.

FINIS.



6. E L E G I E.

A Pilgrim's sad Observuation vpon a disastrous Accident, in his Trauailc towards the H O L Y - L A N D.

What doleful Noise is This! What Shrieks! What Cryes?
Listen, mine Eares; Look out, my wakefull Spies.
A sable World I see; heare a sad Dittie
Of Many-Parts, would rend a Rock with Pittie.
Each hath his fashion, as his Passions sway:
And if I right conceine them, Thus they say;

The King. O! my Son, H E N R Y ! O my Son ! my Son !
Not as King David for his Absolon, 2. Sam. 18
I mourne for thcc, my Sonne, Mirrour of pietie; 33
But, for My lack and loss of thy societie.
O great L A V V - G I V E R ! Where is that Condition
Thou mad'st to those shewe filiall submission
In Honouring their Parents, To prolong
Their daies on earth? But, Thou dost no man wrong:
For, Me, next Thee, 'boue all on Earth he priz'd.
So, Hee with Thee in Heav'n is eterniz'd.

The Queen. Son of my womb, O Son of my desire,
How art thou quencht, prime Sparkle of my fire!
The World will know this Paradox maintaine,
An Ichabod was borne, when H E N R Y slaine. Prou. 31. 1
O Death, thou Philistine Vncircumciz'd,
O that thou mightst with torments be chastiz'd,
Till herc aliuie my H E N R Y Thou restore:
But I (alas !) in vaine my loss deplore.
Yet let me not in vaine Thy help intreate,
Thou All-restorer, only Good and Great;

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Deut. 22. 6 Who layst, Kill not the yong ones with the Breeder ;
My feeble Flock thou hast rest of their Leader,
That to the Remnant should haue bene Defense:
Heb. 13. 20 But, Thou, Great Shepheard, canst this recompense.
Then, to my tender Flock long safety giue;
Gen. 19. 20 Is't not a little-one, and My Soule shall live ?

The Prince. Good Brother (for, I cannot yet forget
That Name, wherein our loues so often met.)
Brother, is this the pleasure that you do me,
To leauue these Shadowes of your Honours to me ;
And rob me of your Selfe ? in Whom, more pleasure
I did conceiue, then in all earthly Treasure.
Giue me your Selfe, againe : That was My Glory.
Too-well You teach me, These be transitory.
They title Me, P R I N C E ; H I G H N E S ; & such other :
All, None to That, when You instil'd mee, BROTHER.

Pr. Eliz. Ah Me ! Liue I ? or do I dreame ?
I see, Things be not, as they seem.
Nor seeme they what they be indeed :
He seem'd to liue, that now is dead ;
Yet seems but dead : Hee is aliue,
Where my best Hopes shall once arriue.
There may I euer Him possesse :
My Los, This only may redres.

Prince, An Miser, an Felix reuter, Te (Maxime Princeps)
Palatine, Vidisse ? Est, felix qui fuit, ille miser.

Gaudeo me Misericordia sine Te ; dum spes mibi detur

AEterna ut Tecum Prosperitate fruar.

IDÆA interea Mecum Tua pulchra maneto :

Quam mibi (si fas est dicere) dico Deam.

Whether (alas !) shall I Mee weene

Happy, or hapless, To haue seene

Thee,

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Thee, Noblest Prince? A Wretched State

It is, To haue beene fortunate.

Let Mee be wretched, while Thou bee

No partner in my misere;

And while I hope once to injoy

With Thee that euerlasting Ioy.

But, till I meet Thee blest, aboue,

Thy faire IDEA, my deer Loue,

Be still My Saint: at whose pure Shrine,

I may adore all Worths of Thine.

His Family. Ah, deerest Master! Mote we all haue dy'd,

T'haue ransom'd Thee from Death, that wert our Pride:

Our Pride (alas!) That was Thy Death: thy Death

Our Life yet may be, if thou mightst bequeath

Thy liuing Vertues to our dying Liues.

He dies not, who from Virtue life deriuers.

No other Legacy we now expect

From thee; who liuing didst with care respect

Thy careful Traine: whereof experiment

Thou gav'st in that thy Will and Testament.

Thy Will and Testament it prov'd indeed,

When to thy Seruants, *Pensions* were decreed,

Subscrib'd and signed by that gratiouse Hand,

Yer it the *Pensioners* did vnderstand.

This done, saydst Thou in priuate; *Next must*

Relieue my poorer seruants Pouertie.

But, cruell Sergeant, Death, eftsoones arrested

Thy sacred Body; whence thy strength he wrested,

And Thee imprison'd, till thou didst him pay

The vtmost farthing of thy fatall Day.

Yet, thou hast left this glorious Bequest, dth dth dth W

To all thy Seruants, that where so we rest, vth vth vth W

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Or wander through the World, yet we may say,
We were Prince HENRY's Followers. And may
We euer be his Followers, till we be
His *Fellow-saints* in that ETERNITIE (wound?

Church. Why do we wailc Him, whom our selues did
Or cry for Him, that's now with glory Crown'd?
Let's for our Selues, and for our Children weep:
And our hard hearts in brinish Teares let's steep.
Great is the Wrath now from the *Lord* proceeds:
The Plague is new began; the VVound yet bleeds.
What? Such a *Prince*? So VVise? so Vertuous?
So Pious? so Benigne? so Valorous?
Such? such a *Prince*? and then, ev'n Then to be
Taken from vs, when Cause of *Thankfull Glee*
We had for that *Powder-deliverance*!
Now marr'd for euer with such heauy chance.
For, neuer shall returne *Fift* of Nouember,
But with remorse we must the *Sixt* remember.
Nay: was he not ev'n on the *Fift*, a-dying,
From death awak't with sad Beholders crying?
What might the Cause be, or what our Offence,
That should the *Lord* so vehement incense,
His Mercy into Worm-wood thus to turne,
And this our *Beauty* with such *Blasting burne*?
Essay 3.24 What is it else, but that we haue abus'd
This memorable Mercy, and refus'd
Quite to extinguish those *Hell-fierbrands*,
Whom for This Cause G o d put into our hands?
But, Is it He? This Innocent, that must
Be sacrific'd for This? That were vniust.
In Mercy, rather He is taken hence,
Lest He should see the Evil's consequencē
(Which hath but checkt vs yet) whose sad euent
We cannot shun, except we soone repent.

Num. 17

46

Essay 3.24

Nobil.

Nobil. Faire Blossom! nobleſt ſtem of nobleſt Stock!
 How doth thy Blaſting all our Boaſting mock!
 How ſhall we waile ſuch Loſs! whose Parallel,
 Nor changeleſt *Truth*, nor boundleſt *Fame* can tell.
Greece could lament great *Alexander's* face;
 And *Rome*, her ancient *Worthies* celebrate
 With Funerall *Dirges*: Eucry *Country* can
 Bemone their misſ of ſome remerked Man.
 Then, muſt we go, and all thofe *Countries* range,
 And of their Lamentations learne each change;
 Sith all their ſeuerall *Worthies* worth, and more,
 Was treaſur'd vp in our One *H E N R Y*'s ſtore.

Clergy. Chariots and Horſe-men of our I S R A E L,
 Mounting from Earth to Heauen there to dwell,
 What Euill diſt thou fore-fee on vs to come?
 As if thou dredſt to ſee our future Doome.
 Or what great Euill may not Wee foreſee,
 That of ſo great a Good depoyled be?
The Citiſe's Subſtance is the holy Seed:
 Which, reapt, her neere Deſtruction is decreed. Eliz. 6.23
 The bold *Star-gazers* dare Prognosticate
 Disaſtrous Accidents to Towne and State,
 Within whose Clyme is Sun or Moon-eclipſe.
 Th' Effects win credit to their leaſing lips.
 And may not Wee more certainly diuine
 What Wracks the great *Star-guider* doth deſigne,
 When ſuch a *Sun* falls from our *Firmament*?
 A preſent Cause of dolefull Dreſerment,
 A ſad Preſage of I v s t i c e heauier hand
 (VVithout Repentance) on this ſinfull Land.
 And now, vain world, what needſt thou more be warnd!
 To leaue thy *Vanity*? Haſt thou not learn'd
 This Leſſon yet by heart; that ſith *Hee*'s dead,
 In whom thou mightſt all Grace and Virtue read,

FUNERAE ELEGIES.

In whom all worldly Happiness was plac't ;
No worldly Happiness can long time last?

Gentry. Heroick Chieftain, who our Hearts didst fill
With Valour, Hands with Weapons, Heads with Skill
To manage Martiall deeds; we did expect,
By thine auspicious Leading, to haue checkt
The proudest Saracen, or Mahumetan,
Tam'd the Barbarian, and wilde Indian:
But, dastard Death hath sounded his Alarmes,
Bidding vs rest in rust, and leue our Armes.
For, he vnwares our Generall hath slaine,
Before he should his conquering blade distaine,
In Mars his Field, with Foes impurest blood;
With feare whereof they All astonisht stood.

Poets. Aglorious Subiect of a Poets pen
(If Poets wits were Other then of Men)
Had H E N R Y been. But, where should Hec haue found
An Homer, or a Virgill, that might sound
The worthy Praise of his heroicke Deeds,
That gan already bud from Vertues seeds?
Nay: where's the Muse so rich, as can set forth
The halfe of short-lyv'd H E N R Y's long-lyv'd Worth?

Pilgrime. Full many Plaintifs more, full of Complaints,
In this sad Company bewaile their wants:
But, in such various wise, that infinite
It were for any wight to read or write.
I could but weep: yet might no longer stay,
But to the Holy-Land kept on my Way;
And on my Way went weeping: for, my Teares
Must be the Seamy brittle Vessel beares;
My Sighes, the Windes: my Faith the Sterne doth guide:
My Fraight is Charity; Hope, Anchor try'd:
GOD's Word, my Card; his S O N, my Light; his S P I R I T
The Earnest, that assutes me to inherit.

Patience

FUNERAL ELOGIES.

Patience, the Champion, conquers all Distress:
Heaven is the Haven of all my Happiness.

By his (late) HIGHNESS

SERVANT,

HENRY BURTON.

FINIS.



ELEGIE- & -EPISTLE

Consolatorie,

Against

Immoderate Sorrow
for th' immature Decease

of

Sr. WILLIAM SIDNEY

Knight,

Sonne and Heire apparant

to

The Right Honorable,

ROBERT, LORD SIDNEY,

L.Vi-Count Lisle;

L. Chamberlain to the Queen,

&

L.Gouvernour of His Majesties

Cautionarie Towne of

VLVSHING.



1613.



The right Honorable, the Lord Vi-Count LISLE,
and his most vertuous Ladie:

To Sir Robert SIDNEY, Knight,
their Hopefull Sonne:

To the most Worthy Ladie WROTH,
with the rest of their right
vertuous Daughters:

&

To all the Noble
SIDNEYS

&

SEMI-SIDNEYS.

Although I knowe None, but a Sidney's Muse,
Worthy to sing a Sidney's Worthyness:
None but Your Owne^{*} A L-VVORT H, Sidneides,
In whom, Her Uncle's noble Veine renewes:
And though I knowe (sad Nobles) to infuse
My fore-spent Drops into the bound-less Seas
Of Your deep Griefs, for your deer soy's Decease;
To Your full Ocean nought at-all accrues:
Yet, as (the Floods Queen) Amphitrite daignes
To take the Tribute of small Brooks and Bournes;
Which to Her Bountie (that Their Streames maintains,)
The humble Homage of Their Thankes returns;
Accept These Sighes and these few Teares of Ours,
Which hane their Course but from the Source of Yours.

Anagram.
^{*}LA:WROTH

Your Noble Name & Virtue's

most Obscruant,

JOSEPH SYLVESTER.



An
ELEGIAC-EPISTLE.

VVhat Obie&t, les than our Great H E N R Y 's *Herse*,
Could so haue seiz'd the voice of euerie *Verse*?
What Subie& els could haue ingrossed so
The *publique* Store and *private* Stock of *Woe*?
What Sea, but th' *Ocean* of His *Vertues* Fame,
Could drink all *Teares*, or drowne a S I D N E Y 's *Name*
(As buried quick) so quicklie (though so yong)
So vn-bewayled, so vn-sigh't, vn-sung ?

O, glorious H E N R Y ! though alone to *Thee*
Lowe my all, and more then all of *Mee* ;
And though (alas !) the best and most of *mine*
Reach not the least, the lowest Dues of *Thine* :
Yet, wouldest thou, couldst Thou hear (as heer-to-fore)
And grant a *Boon* ; I only woulde implore
Thy *leauue* a little, for a S I D N E Y 's Death
To sigh a little of my Mournfull breath :
The rather, that, as *yerst* Hee scrud You heer,
And, in His *End* attended Yours so neer ;
Through-out all Ages subsequent to *Ours*,
His *Name* and *Fame* may ever wayte on *Yours* :
Sith All the M V S E S owe That *Name* alone,
A *Dia-pason* of each *sad-sweet* Groan :
But more peculiar, and precisely, Mine ;
Lineally bound vnto That Noble Ligne.

A R C A D I A N S knowe no Other, for A P O L L O ,
No 'other M A R S (in *Armes* or *Arts* to followe
As D E M I - G O D S , as well of Warre as Witt)
Then S I D N E Y S *yerst*, or S E M I - S I D N E Y S , *yet*.
Yet, fitt I said : for, of This deer Descent,
Nature (of late) too-lauishly hath spent,



(Like *My Ill-Huswifes* which at once doo burn
 Two or three Lights, where One would serue the turn)
 Not her Owne only, but more orient Gemms,
 More rich, more rare ; more fitting *Diadems* :
 As, first, th' old Father, famous-fortunate,
 The prime firme Founder of our *IRISH State* :
 Next, His Son *PHILIP* (More then *PHILIP's Son*)
 (Whole World of Worth a World of Honour won :
 Then, His sole *Heire* (sole *VENS-IVNO-PALLAS*)
 All *Beauties Pattern*, and All *Vertues Palace* ;
 (Whose memorie, on *MVES Fairest Hill*
 Is *Canonized*, by a *Phænix Quill*).

These *Three*, the which *Three Ages* might haue grac't,
 All *These* and more in My short Age haue past :
 Besides *This new SVVET-WILLIAM* now deceast
 (Th' *Epitome* and *Summe* of All the rest)
 The Flower of *Youth*, of *Honor, Beautie, Blood*,
 Th' Apparant *Heire* of All the *SIDNEYS Good* ;
 For Minde, for Mould, for Spirit, Strength, and Stature,
 A *Miracle*, a Master-piece of *Nature*.

Alas ! How grossly doo our Painters erre
 In drawing *Death's* grim Visage (euery-where)
 With hollow holes, as wholely dark and blinde !
 Ah ! See we not, how still Hee sees to finde
 The fairest Mark, the rarest and the best
 Of *Vertues* Budds, and lettis alone the rest ?
 Ravens, Brambles, Bandogs, *Sirens*, hee hee leauess ;
 Swannes, Roles, Lions, *Dians*, hence hee reaves :
 Nay; th' *onlie* *PHOENIX* hath Hee newlie slain
 (But, maugre *Death*, That *Bird* revives again.)
 No maruaile then, if *SIDNEY'S* fall so fast.
 So earlie ripe are seldom apt to last :
 So *Eminent* are imminent to dye ;
 Malicious *Death* dooth such lo eas'ly spye.

But



But why, of Death and Nature, rauie I Thus?
Another stile (my L I S L E) befitteh vs.
Another Hand, another Eye, directs
Both Death and Nature in These high Effects:
The Eye of P R O V I D E N C E, the Hand of P O W E R,
Disposing All in Order and in Hower;
So working in, so working ouer All,
That but by Those doth Nothing here befall.

Then, not (as Currs) the stone or staff to bite,
Vn-heeding why, or who doth hurl or smite;
Vnto That Eye let vs erect our owne;
And humble vs vnder That Hand alone,
Which (as the Potter his owne Woork controules)
Dissolueth Bodies, and absolueth Soules:
Vn-partial euer, Vn-prcposterous;
How-euer Other may it seem to vs.

For, euer since first W O M A N Teemed Twin,
And at a Birth brought forth both D E A T H and S I N
(Sinn, as her Heir; Death, as an Heritage
Iustly derived down from Age to Age)
It is Decreed (by a more Change-les Lawe
Then euer yet the Medes and Persians lawe)
That All men once (as well as Lowe, the High,
Of Either Sex, of Everie sort) must dye.
Yea, th' I N N O C E N T, for our imputed Ill
(Who came, not Lawes to break, but to ful-fill)
The Sonne of G o D (The Sonne of M A N become)
Th' Immortal yielded to This mortal D O O M E.
So that (for Sinne) no Sonne of M A N hath breath
But once must dye. Wages of S I N N E is Death.

As for the reaon, Why it comes to passe
Somtimes, that Age seemes to haue turn'd his Glasse;
While oftentimes Youth's, yer it seem begun,
Is crackt, or broken, or already run:

¶

Why



Why Lillies, Roses, Gillie-flowers, be reft;
When Nettles, Thistles, Hemlocks heer be left:
Why Cedres, Okes, Vines, Olives, rather fall,
Then Brush and Bryars (good for nought at all)
Let Flesh and Blood, let Dust, be rather mute,
Then with His M A K E R sawcily dispute.

Yet heer (mee thinks) but little Question needs.
Doo not We rather gather Herbes then Weeds?
Doo not We take the timber for our turne,
And leave the Dottrells, in their time to burn?
And, in the Shambles, who is it but would
Be rather sped of yong Flesh then of olde?
And yet in Season, when wee see it good,
Wee weed our Gardens, fellour Vnder-wood;
And kill olde Cattell, least they goar the yong,
Or fall-away, or mix some Mange among.

Much like, the Lord: who knoweth best all Season,
And best obserues: But, will wee vrge his Reason?
His Reason is, His W I L L: His Will is iust,
Or rather I V S T I C E; which His P O V V E R must
In W I S E D O M E execute (right vnderstood)
To His O w n e G L O R I E, and His Childrens Good;
Wherin His G O O D N E S through his M E R C I E shines,
To cheer and cheer devout and humble mindes.
For, to the Godlie (in despight of Hell)
Heav'n maketh all things to re-issue well.

Heer, heer's a Harbour; heer's a quiet Shore
From S O R R O V V 's Surges, and all Stormes that rore:
This is Cap C O M F O R T (a high P r o m e n d o r i e,
Of richer Store then heer is roome to storic)
Heer let vs bide, and ride-out all Euent,
With Anchor H o p e, and Cable P a t i e n c e;
Vntill our Bark some happie Gale shall drive
Home to the H a u c n where wee would All arriue.



Come, Noble *Vi-Count*, put into *This Bay*,
Where (with a Light) our *A'm'r a l* leads the way,
Though deepest laden, and the most distrest,
The greatest *Ship* of Burthen, and the best.
Him boldly follow: and though heer, as *CHIEF*
In *Grief*, as *Greatnes*, His must drowne your *Griefe*;
Count it an Honou're, to bee call'd to trye
Your *Vertue's* Valour, in your *SOVERAIN*'s eyc.
Wee All partake his *Crosse*; His Losse is *Ours*:
But His *Affection*s (to the life) are *Yours*.
The neerer then You match His *mournefull* fate,
His *royal PATIENCE* neerer imitate.

And *you*, sad *Lady*, Mother of annoy
For hauing lost the *prime* Sonne of your Ioye;
Ah! see, the *SOVERAIN* of your *Sex* hath so.
Somethink it ease, to haue some peer in *Woe*:
Bu, such a *PER*, and such a *Pattern* too,
Should much (me thinks) confirm and comfort You
To beare-*vp* hard into this *happie Road*,
And lighten somewhat of *Your heauie Load*:

The rather, sith (besides the *Happinesse*,
Which now, *aboue*, your *Darling* dooth possesse;
The *Crowne*, the *Kingdome*, and the *Companie*
Of All the *holy, heauenly HIERARCHIE*:
Besides your *Messe* of goodly *GRACE* left,
Whose *WORTH* from All the *Prize* of *Worth* hath reft;
Fowre louely *Nymphes*, fowre *Rivers*, as it were,
Your veines of VERTUE through the Land to bear.)
You haue another *Model* of *The Same*,
To propagate *renowned SIDNEY'S NAME*;
Another, like in euerie part to proue
As worthy of our *Honor*, and your *Loue*;
In whom (if now, You (Job-like) beare this *Crosse*)
Heav'n may restore you, manifold, your *Loss*.

FINIS.